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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TO A CHILD DANCING UPON THE SHORE

Dance there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won.
And he, the best warrior, dead
And all the sheaves to bind!
What need that you should dread
The monstrous crying of wind?
William Butler Yeats

FALLEN MAJESTY

Although crowds gathered once if she but showed her face
And even old men's eyes grew dim, this hand alone,
Like some last courtier at a gipsy camping place
Babbling of fallen majesty, records what's gone.
The lineaments, the heart that laughter has made sweet,
These, these remain, but I record what's gone. A crowd
Will gather and not know that through its very street
Once walked a thing that seemed, as it were, a burning
cloud.

William Butler Yeats